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For the Herald and Journal.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY REV. JOHN PAULSON.

Gentle spring has come again,
Vernal gales are blowing;
Brooks have burst their icy chains—
Murmuring, leaping, flowing.

Gentle spring has come again,
Earth's green carpet spreading;
Soft descends the dewy rain,
Hills with streamlets threading.

Beauteous birds are on the wing,
Downy nests they're weaving;
Warbling out their notes of spring,
Tenderest passion breathing.

From their watery beds of rest,
Insects tribes are pouring;
Rich in fancy colors drest,
On silken pinions soaring.

Flowery buds, in fragrant bells,
Spring's embrace are feeling;
Shooting forth their snowy heads,
To the sunlight straining.

Sparkle on the tiny stem,
Pearly drops of morning;
Brighter than the eastern gem,
Queenly brows adorning.

Silent grove and forest glade,
Robed in leafy grandeur,
Now invite, beneath their shades,
Weary feet to wander.

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appear not to have the least conception; therefore I will endeavor to explain it. I ask, then, do not all the children of God experience, that when God gives them to see deeper into his blessed law, whenever he gives them a new degree of light, he gives likewise a new degree of strength? Now I see he that loves me bids me do this. And now I feel I can do it, through Christ strengthening me. Thus light and strength are given by the same means, and frequently in the same moment; although sometimes there is a space between; for instance, I hear the command, "Let your communication be always in grace, meet to minister grace to the hearers."—God gives me more light into this command. I see the exceeding height and depth of it. At the same time I see (by the same light from above) how far I have fallen short. I am ashamed; I pray to Him that hath loved me for more strength, and I have the petition I ask of Him. Thus the law not only convicts the unbeliever, and enlightens the believing soul, but also conveys food to a believer; sustains and increases his spiritual life and strength, it cannot but increase his comfort also. For, doubtless, the more we are alive to God the more we shall rejoice in him: the greater measure of his strength we receive, the greater will be our consolation also.

And all this, I conceive, is clearly declared in one single passage of Scripture. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." They are both food and medicine: they both refresh, strengthen and nourish the soul. Not that I would advise to preach the law without the Gospel, any more than the Gospel without the law. Undoubtedly both should be preached in their turn, yea, both at once, or both in one: all the conditional promises are instances of this. They are law and Gospel mixed together. According to this model, I should advise every preacher continually to preach the law: grieved upon, tempered by, and animated with the spirit of the Gospel. I advise him to declare, explain, and enforce every command of God. But meantime to declare, in every season, (and the more explicitly the better,) that the first and great commandment to a Christian is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." That Christ is all, our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption: that all life, love, and strength, are from him alone, and all freely given to us through faith. And it will ever be found that the law thus preached both enlightens and strengthens the soul; that it both nourishes and teaches; that it is the guide, "food, medicine and stay" of the believing soul. Thus all the apostles built up believers: witness all the epistles of St. Paul, James, Peter and John. And upon this plan all the Methodists first set out. In this manner, not only my brother and I, but Mr. Maxwell, Nelson, James Jones, Westell, and Reeves, all practiced at the beginning. By this preaching, it pleased God to work those mighty effects in London, Bristol, Kingswood, Yorkshire, and Newcastle. By means of this, twenty-nine persons received remission of sins in one day at Bristol only; most of them, while I was opening and enforcing in this manner our Lord's sermon on the mount. In this manner John Downes, John Bennett, John Houghton, and all the other Methodist preachers, till James Wheatly came among them, who never was clear, perhaps not sound in the faith. According to his understanding was his preaching; an unmeaning rhapsody of unmeaning words; like Sir John Suckling.

"Veritas smooth and soft as cream,
In which was neither depth nor stream."

Yet to the utter reproach of the Methodist congregations this man became a most popular preacher. He was admired more and more, wherever he went, till he went over the second time into Ireland, and conversed more intimately than before, with some of the *Moravian* preachers. The consequence was, that he learned more and more both of their doctrines and manner, and preaching. At first several of our preachers complained of this: but in the space of a few months, (so incredible is the force of soft words,) he by slow and imperceptible degrees, brought almost all the preachers then in the kingdom to preach in this manner. Thus the return of the English spread the contagion to some others of their brethren. But still the far greater part of the Methodist preachers thought and spoke as they had done from the beginning. This is the plain fact. As to the fruit of this new manner of preaching, (entirely new to the Methodists,) speaking much of the promises, little of commandments (even to unbelievers, and still less to believers), you think it has done great good, I think it has done great harm. I think it has done great harm to the preachers: not only to James Wheatly himself, but to those who have learned of him, David Threlkeld, Thomas Webb, Robert Swindells and John Madden: I fear to others also; all of whom are but shadows of what they were: most of them have exalted themselves above measure, as if they only preached Christ, preached the Gospel. As if, as he has exalted themselves, so deeply have they despised their brethren: calling them "legal preachers," "legal critics," and (by a cant name) "Doctors," or "Doctors of Divinity." They have not a little despised their ministers also for countenancing the "Doctors," as they termed them. They have made their faults (real or supposed) common topics of conversation: hereby cherishing in themselves the very spirit of Ham, yea, of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.

I think it has likewise done great harm to their hearers: diffusing among them their own prejudice against the other preachers; against their minister in particular (of which you have been long and loudly complaining); against the spiritual Methodist manner of preaching Christ, so that they could no longer hear the plain old truth with profit or pleasure, any, hardly with patience. After hearing such preachers for a time, you yourself (need we further witness?) could find in my preaching "no food for your soul," nothing "to strengthen you in the way," no "inward experience of a believer," "it was all barren and dry," that is, you had no taste for mine or John Nelson's preaching; it neither refreshed nor nourished you.

Why, this is the very thing I asserted: That the "Gospel preachers," so called, corrupt their hearers; they vitiate their tastes, so that they cannot relish sound doctrine, and spoil their appetite so that they turn it into nourishment; they, as it were, feed them with sweetmeats, till the genuine wine of the kingdom seems quite insipid to them. They give them cordial upon cordial, which makes them all life and spirit for the time present, but meantime appetite is destroyed, so that they can neither retain nor digest the pure milk of the word. Hence it is that (according to the constant observation I have made, in all parts both of England and Ireland) preachers of this kind (though quite the contrary appears at first)

spread death, not life, among their hearers. As soon as that flow of spirit goes off, they are without life, without power, without any strength or vigor of soul; and it is extremely difficult to recover them, because they still cry out, "Cordials, cordials!" of which they have had too much already, and have no taste for the food which is convenient for them. Nay, they have an utter aversion to it, and that confirmed by principle, having been taught to call it husks, if not poison. How much more to those bitters which are previously needful to restore their decayed appetite. This was the very case when I went last into the North. For some time before my coming, John Deves had scarce been able to preach at all; the three others in round were such as style themselves "Gospel preachers." When I came to renew the societies with great expectations of finding a vast increase, I found most of them lessened by one-third. One entirely broken up. That of Newcastle itself was less by an hundred members than when I visited it before. And of those that remained, the far greater number in every place were cold, weary, heartless and dead. Such were the blessed effects of this Gospel preaching!—of this new method of preaching Christ.

On the other hand, when in my return, I took an account of the societies in Yorkshire, chiefly under the care of John Nelson, one of the old way, in whose preaching you could find no life, no food, I found them all alive, strong and vigorous of soul, believing, loving, and praising God their Savior; and increased in number from eighteen to nineteen hundred, to upwards of three thousand; these had been constantly fed with that wholesome food which you could neither relish nor digest. From the beginning they had been taught both the law and the Gospel. "God loves you; therefore love and obey him. Christ died for you; therefore die to sin. Christ has risen; therefore rise in the image of God. Christ liveth evermore; therefore live to God, till you live with him in glory." So we preach: and so you believe. This is the Scripture way, the Methodist way, the true way. God grant that we may never turn therefrom, to the right hand or the left. Amen.

I am, my dear friend, your ever affectionate brother.

J. W.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

This is promised, Ps. 2: 8; 20: 27-9; Gal. 3: 6-9; 138: 45; 145: 8-11; Isaiah 9: 9, 10; 25: 6-9; 66: 23, 24; Daniel 2: 35-44; 7: 13-19; and many other places both in the Old and New Testaments.

2. Christ died to accomplish it. "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied," &c.

3. The Gospel is the instrument, "the power of God," &c.

4. Christ taught us to pray for it. "Thy kingdom come," &c., and prayed for it himself, John 16: 23.

5. The Holy Spirit is the divine agent in the work—"to reprove, convince, convert and sanctify men through the truth"—the word.

6. The church and ministry are the medium through which the blessings of the Gospel are to be conveyed, &c.

REFLECTIONS.

1. This work is a great and glorious work. All heaven is engaged in it; all good men on earth should feel interested in it. The work of creation was a mighty work—the work of redemption or atonement greater, showing forth God's goodness, love, justice and mercy; but the conversion of the world the greatest, making a full declaration of his power over all his enemies.

2. This is a good work. The conquest of the world by the sword has been a bad work, in which men have been engaged. Its conversion from sin is a good one. It restores righteousness, peace, plenty, holiness and happiness, to a ruined, disordered, sinful world.

3. This work is an arduous one; one of great effort and suffering. Look at the ministry of Christ and his apostles, and others since; what mighty conflicts, struggles and labors they have endured to "save a world."

4. This is a possible work. Nothing is impossible with God, and with him who believeth. God can as easily convert, as make or destroy. As we have seen, hath promised it; Christ died for it; the Spirit worketh it; the church spreads the news; men become co-workers with God in this glorious work. We have the same agent and instrument which worked so mightily eighteen hundred years ago. God's work will go on; Christ's kingdom will spread; the Gospel will ride prosperously over nations and kingdoms, till all submit to Jesus. If we will work willingly, we shall have our reward; if we stand idle, God's work will go on, "until the earth is filled with his knowledge and glory."

5. This is an honorable work. Those who have conquered nations and slaughtered millions have been honored, and their names handed down to us as honorable; and their work of salvation than that of destruction, judge ye? When the names of Alexander, Caesar, Bonaparte and others, will be blotted from the records of memory—when the kingdom and the glory of them shall have been passed away millions of ages, the names of the apostles, the missionaries, the faithful ministers of Jesus, and the humble, diligent disciple of Christ, will stand out in full, in golden capitals, in the Lamb's book of life, to be seen and read of all. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

6. This work is a pleasant work. There is a pleasure, a satisfaction, in trying to do good; there is pleasure in suffering in a good cause; there is pleasure in being useful in the world, though health and life go with the work. The most zealous, pious, useful men have always been the happiest men, at times at least. The lazy, indolent, unambitious man and minister in the cause of Christ, knows nothing of the joys of the diligent and industrious. He who wears a little cold or heat, rain or snow, toil, suffering, fatigue, privation, persecution or pain, &c., knows nothing of that "peace which is like a river, or that righteousness which is like the waves of the sea." He foldeth up his hands, shruggeth up his shoulders, and says there is a "lion in the way," and sits down at ease—loses his reward if not his soul.

Lastly, this work is going on. God is mightily at work throughout the earth—the "great wheels" are moving. The reformation in Germany under Ronge; the opening of the Gospel door in China; the meeting of the Jews, who have about done looking for a coming Messiah; the conference of all Protestant denominations, to be held in London, with the one that has been; together with the destruction of slavery and intemperance in our own country, and a revolution more mighty, more extensive, than any yet known among us, will facilitate the mighty work. The seat of the beast will be destroyed; the false prophet and dragon will be overthrown;

the British lion and the American eagle, with all their war and carnage, will, after a mighty struggle, die. The black man of the South, and the red man's wrongs of the West, are "coming up in remembrance before God;" they will be FREE. "Alas! who shall live when God doeth this?" The earth once more enjoy for a season a rest; universal peace, plenty and righteousness prevail over those evils which now distract and disturb society.

Brethren, it is time for us to wake up! Great changes are before us in this and in the world to come. The fanaticism of the Millerites and Mormons, the Comeouters, the one church and the no church people, are fleeing like a dream—one reality is before us. *The world lies in wickedness, and must be redeemed; it will be.* Wicked men and demons may oppose; infidels scoff; war may rage; pestilence and famine may come; nations may be overthrown, till the glory of grandeur of man perish.—God's throne remains; his "kingdom will come" and fill the earth. The world will yet be converted. Glory be to God on high, peace and good will to man. Come, brethren, come! wake up! wake up! "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." "Blessed is he that watcheth."

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,
Where a life had been given;
Why art thou here with a gaudy dye,
Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?
Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shiny track:
I was a worm till I won my wings;
And she, when thou mournest, like a seraph sings:
Would'st thou call the best one back?

CHRIST'S LOVE IN PREPARING HEAVEN FOR US.

But, O blessed Jesus! if, from what thou hast suffered for me, I shall cast mine eyes upon what thou hast done for my soul, how is my heart divided betwixt the wonders of both! and as my soon tell how great either of them is, as whether one is the greatest.

It is in thee, through the cleansing of thy blood, that I am being prepared for heaven and immortal glory. We are wont, O God, to marvel at and bless thy provident beneficence to the first man; that before thou wouldst bring him forth into the world, thou wert pleased to furnish such a world for him, so goodly a house over his head, so pleasant a paradise under his feet, such a variety of creatures round about him for his subjection and attendance. But how should I magnify thy mercy, who, before that man or world had any being, hast so far loved me as to prepare a way by which I might be an heir to that heaven which should be, and make me a co-heir with my Christ of thy glory!

And O! what a heaven is this that thou hast laid out for me! how resplendent, how transcendently glorious! Even that lower paradise, which thou providest for the harbor of innocence and holiness, was full of admirable beauty, pleasure, magnificence; but if compared with this paradise above, which thou hast prepared for the everlasting entertainment of restored souls, how mean and beggarly it was! O match too unequal, of the best piece of earth with the highest state of the heaven of heavens! In the earthly paradise I find three angels the cherubim; but in this heavenly one I find millions of thy cherubim and seraphim rejoicing at man's blessedness, and welcoming the glorified souls to their heaven. There I find but the shadow of that whereof the substance is here. There we so possessed of life that yet we might forfeit it; here is life without all possibility of death. Temptation could find no access thither; here is nothing but a free and complete fruition of blessedness. There were delights fit for earthly bodies; here is glory more than can be enjoyed of blessed souls. That was watered with four streams, muddy and impetuous; in this is "the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." There I find thee only walking in the cool of the day; here, manifesting thy majesty continually. There I see only a most pleasant orchard, set with all manner of varieties of flourishing and fruitful plants; here I find also the city of God, infinitely rich and magnificent, the building of the wall of it of jasper, and the city itself pure gold, like wall clear glass, and the foundations of the wall garnished with all manner of precious stones.

All that I can here attain to see is the pavement of thy celestial habitation. And, Lord, how glorious it is! how bespangled with the glittering stars; for number, for magnitude, equally admirable! What is the least of them but a world of light? and what are all of them but a confluence of so many thousand worlds of beauty and brightness met in one firmament? and if this floor of thy heavenly palace be thus richly set forth, O how infinite glory and magnificence must there needs be within! Thy chosen vessel, that had the privilege to be caught up thither, and to see that divine state, whether with bodily or mental eyes, can express it no otherwise than that it cannot possibly be expressed. No, Lord, it were not infinite if it could be uttered. Thoughts go beyond words; yet even these come far short also. He that saw it says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—Bishop Hall.

BOOKS.

It is recorded of Plato, that notwithstanding he had a very small paternal inheritance, he bought three books at a price equal to \$1,200 of our money. Before the invention of printing, manuscripts in general bore such excessive prices, that besides the opulent could acquire a library. St. Jerome almost ruined himself in order to purchase the works of Origen. Benedict Bishop, founder of an English monastery, made no fewer than five journeys to Rome to purchase books; for one of these, a volume of cosmography, King Alfred gave him an estate of as much land as eight ploughs could labor. Muratori relates that an abbot earnestly besought the Pope, in a letter in 825, to lend him a copy of Cicero on Oratory, and Quintilian's Institutes; "for," says he, "a complete copy is not to be found in France."

The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of Homer two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Even so late as 1471, when Louis XI. of France borrowed the works of Rhasis, an Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine at Paris, he not only deposited a considerable quantity of plate as a pledge, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore it.

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The scene of our present sitting is a log cabin on the bank of the Callicocon; the time, night; the dramatic persona are hunters of various appearance, and the employment of the party is cleaning and preparing rifles for to-morrow's hunt. One end of the cabin is entirely filled with a broad chimney of rough stone, on the ample hearth of which the large logs roar and crackle and blaze so brightly that we need no candle to see one another's visages. We all know each other well. Every fall, for many years, we have met here, and driven the deer of Wayne and Sullivan. We discussed the morality of our employment long ago, and with clear consciences and happy hearts we are now gathered, after a weary day's hunt, around the fireside which, for the present, we call home. Supper over (it consisted of steaks from this morning's first shot, and a broiled partridge) we fell into the regular conversation of the evening, namely, about the absent and the loved.

This is the happiest part of the day after all. The weary body is permitted to rest, and the unwearied mind roves everywhere gladly and joyously. Then we talk of all that may most interest or amuse; and it is often an odd thing to see a man in plaid roundabout, without buttons, but fastened with yellow tape, bloody pantaloons, and unshaven face, drop his gun which he is cleaning, and rise and talk eloquently of some subject you would never dream of hearing outside of a library, or in any company than that of the literati of a city. But always on rising from supper the friends at home are first named, and many kind thoughts and prayers are on our lips for them. So this night. And now, having perhaps given some idea of the appearance of our party, we will let the conversation run on.

"J" had no letter to-day, and feels somewhat blue," said S. "J" has not hunted with us to-day, but has been across the Delaware and down to the bridge (a matter of ten miles or more) to the Cocheton Post-office, to bring the letters for all of us. He is himself disappointed, and sits, rather thoughtful, on a box by the corner of the chimney." S. who made the remark, is stretched at full length on the floor, with his head as near the flame as it may be, and his history is an interesting one. He is young and healthy, a graduate of Yale, and a man of decided talent. But few know why he has secluded himself up here in the woods, for he is not, like the most of us, a mere temporary resident.

"Did you expect a letter from home, J?" asked W. "Yes, from my sister."

"Ah, from M. Poor fellow, I pity you if you intend to feel as bad as this every time your sister disappoints you."

"Why so?" "Nothing, only sisters are apt to forget their brothers, except when they have some need of them."

"No, no, Will, M. has never neglected me without good cause."

"It's possible she may be an exception, and I believe M. is, to the rule. I never had a sister, but I have learned to think of all them too thoughtfully by half of their brothers' affection to wish much from them. In truth, it seems to me impossible for brothers to feel any sort of attachment to such sisters as I see usually."

"You're wrong there, Will," said S. "What do you know about sisters, I should like to know, backwoodsman?"

"I had one once."

"You, S?" "Why not? I had a sister once, and loved her too. I've learned a lesson in my life that you have yet to learn, and that is, never to think lightly of a sister's love. Indeed, Will, I believe from my heart of hearts there is no love of man to man so pure, so holy, so intense, as that of a brother for a sister, or a sister for a brother."

"I'm surprised, S. You never hinted to me before that you had ever a sister. I should like to know about her."

"Not now, J. Some other time I'll tell you of her," said S., and dropped his head again, which he had raised on his elbow. A silence ensued through the cabin, interrupted only by the clicking of the rifle locks as their owners tried them, and finding all right, one by one deposited them in their places.

Will broke the stillness. "I should like to know a good ground to change my opinion of brothers' love for sisters. Who ever knew an instance of a sacrifice made on either side of such affection?"

"I'll tell you a story," said S., again raising his head upon his elbow and casting his eye around the cabin. And straightway all prepared for one of his tales, which were never unwelcome. After a momentary pause he began: "I heard this story vouched for by some of my father's friends, so far as its particulars relate to matters of earlier date than my recollection. Of the truth of the latter part of it, I am well assured by my own knowledge of the facts, so that I am ready to endorse all the main particulars. If there are any misstatements in the tale they are not mine, nor are they of importance so long as the moral of the story remains true."

"The village of P. on the west bank of the Delaware, once lived a brother and sister, orphans, all in all to each other. He was manly and noble. Soul shone in his eyes, and command was in his step. Men looked on him, and loved themselves the more that they were fellow creatures of such a nobleman. And she—ah, she was queenly! On her forehead Nature had written 'beautiful.' There was no voice in all the village so lush as hers, no laugh rang so merrily, no song rushed out with half that melody. It was a good thing to look upon her, so calm, so holy was her innocence. The boys in the street stopped their plays when she passed, to gaze at her; and a beggar valued her alms not as much as the smile that accompanied them. Many an eye was turned to her window to catch a glimpse of her form, and many an ear listened eagerly for the music of her voice."

"But a change came. I need not tell you the wiles of the destroyer. You are city men, and you have read the daily records of the weakness of the human heart. That fair girl who, in her purity, had never dreamed of danger, for that very reason fell. How changed that home was, you may imagine. No more glad hours, nor happy evenings, nor joyous songs, nor golden hopes. Will, was not that enough to change a brother's love, if your creed be true? And did it change? No, no! His morning kiss was convulsively pressed to her cheek, and his evening embrace was more passionate than ever before; and that was all the evidence of change."

"Shall I go on?" said S. There was no answer, but a big tear stood on the cheek of a forester, who was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his chin between his hands.

"Let me pass over a space of time to a very different scene. In the criminal court of H., a young and lovely female was arraigned for the murder of her own infant. Her brother stood beside her in the prisoner's box. It was a fearful scene; the immense crowd were hushed in

death-like stillness as the question was put, 'Guilty, or not guilty?' and one loud sob burst from the vast assembly as a low broken voice whispered, 'Guilty!' She was taken to the prison, and the sentence of death recorded. I have often pictured that prison scene. Her brother was not with her there, nor had she seen him since the day of her trial. Don't think he had deserted her, Will. You shall hear where he was. But in that dark cell what were the thoughts of that lone girl? There is to the condemned prisoner a certain undefined looking for of something fearful and terrible.

"To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see;
To think a word will one day bloom
Of dust that I shall be."

That is a sad thought to youth, and to youth such as hers was horrible, but for the holy light of life eternal that found its way to her cell and her heart, and taught her the prayer of penitence and faith.

"But where was the brother?" said J. "He had gone to the capital, and at the feet of the Governor was begging a pardon for his sister. He pleaded her youth, her beauty, her priceless value to him. He named all the ties of life, all the loveliness of woman, and her loveliness above all—her wrongs and her weakness, and the mercy of God to the vilest sinner. It was in vain, and time passed on: He dared not leave the capital, for he hoped on; but the day of her execution approached, and a long way was it from her to him. The evening before that day he procured the pardon, and with exulting heart he flew on his mission of salvation."

"Such a storm as descended that night had not been known among the mountains for half a century. Blinded by the lightning, drenched by the thunder, he pressed his horse on. Morning broke clear and beautiful. A glorious day for that fair girl's death! But no! she was pardoned, and the pardon was coming in a brother's hand; that noble brother! It is noon, and a stream is in his path, swollen by the storm to fearful depth. His noble horse refuses the ford. He rides manly up and down the bank, losing many minutes, till the good steed takes to the water. It is a hard struggle, but they brave it nobly, and reach the other side far below the ford. No rest, but on, on, on, the good horse seeming to know that he bore life to the dying: through the forest, across the plain, into the city, up to the prison gates they fly. 'Fasten the door late! Five minutes would have saved her!'"

"What became of the brother?" asked a hitherto silent listener (even myself) after a long pause.

"I will tell you," proceeded S., who had, while talking, risen from the floor and was standing with his back to the fire. "A few years ago I was hunting over the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains. One day I came across a path, and knowing it to be that of no beast, I followed it to a sort of half cave, half cabin, on the hill side. It was empty, as I judged from receiving no answer to my call at the door, which I found fastened. I afterwards made inquiries, and found that the hut was the residence of a hermit, whose history no one was able to ascertain. He had come there a young man, and was not then old, but for many years had preserved his secret from all prying eyes or ears. A woodman once looked through the little window of his cabin as he passed after dark, and saw him bending over something bright, gem-like, and it was finally, I believe generally, resolved that he was a Romanist doing a life penance; so there it rested. Years passed on without an incident to renew curiosity, which had long ago died for want of food, when one evening a hunter passing his door after a fall of snow, noticed that no footsteps were visible in front of it. Another and another evening he observed the same, and then taking some friends with him, he proceeded up the mountain to the hermit's home. They entered the cabin. Seated at a rude table, his head bowed on the hermit staff—dead! His forehead rested on the miniature of a young female of surpassing beauty. Such a vision of loveliness had never before met their gaze. Purity was on her brow and gentle holiness on every feature. The soul of the recluse, I trust, had met the repentant soul of that betrayed one in a land where sorrow is not. Verily, Will, a brother's love is marvelously strong."—Christian Parlor Magazine.</

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1846.

APPOINTMENTS

OF THE PREACHERS OF
THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

BOSTON DISTRICT.—Thomas C. Peirce, Presiding Elder.
Boston, N. Bennet St.—Miner Raymond.
" Richmond St.—James Shepard.
" East Boston—Joseph Whitman, Jr.
" Bromfield St.—Charles Adams.
" St. John's—Jefferson Hascall.
" N. Russell St.—William H. Hatch.
" Mariner's Church—Edward T. Taylor.
" Church St.—A. D. Merrill.
" Canton St.—Bradford K. Peirce.
South Boston.—George F. Pool.
Cambridge, Harvard St.—To be supplied.
" Ebenezer Church—J. A. Merrill.
Charlestown & Melford—G. W. Frost, J. A. Adams.
Dorchester—Thomas W. Tucker.
Roxbury—To be supplied.
" Walpole Mission—D. L. Winslow.
Watertown & Dedham—Wm. R. Stone.
Newton Upper Falls—J. A. Mudge.
Waltham—Moses P. Webster.
Malden, North—N. Bemis.
" Reading Mission—Geo. Pickering.
Malden Centre—Joseph Cummings.
Chelsea—Moses Dwight.
Saugus—Isaac A. Savage.
Lynn, Common—John W. Merrill.
" Wood End—Joseph Dennison.
" South Street—C. S. Macrearing.
Salem—Phineas Crandall.
Danvers Mission—Isaac J. P. Collier.
Marblehead—Wm. Rice.
Ipswich—Lorenzo R. Thayer.
Plymouth—John Paulsen.
Newburyport—Stephen Cushing.
Newbury—Willard Smith.
Gloucester Town Parish—D. Richards.
" Harbor Mission—Henry M. Bridge.
J. Sanborn, Agt. of Wes. University.

WORCESTER DISTRICT.—James Porter, P. Elder.
Worcester, Park St.—J. D. Bridge.
" Thomas St.—To be supplied.
Millbury—John T. Pettie.
Farmington—T. H. Mudge.
Shrewsbury Mission—To be supplied.
Holliston—Luman Boyden.
Milford & Hopkinton—H. E. Hempstead.
Worcester—Kinsman Atkinson.
Natick & Needham—J. S. J. Gridley.
Salem—Newell S. Spaulding.
Concord Mission—B. F. Lambard.
Sudbury—To be supplied.
Marlboro' & Harvard—To be supplied.
Lowell, St. Paul's—Charles K. True.
" Worthen St.—John S. Springer.

Ashburnham—Wm. B. Oils.
Winchester—David K. Merrill.
" Royalton—Pliny Wood.
Hillsboro'—Wm. Gordon.
Templeton & Phillipston—Simon Putnam.
Princeton—Z. B. C. Dunham.
Rutland & Holden—Horace Moulton.
Oakham—Joseph W. Lewis.
Barre Mission—David Kilburn.
Barre, South—D. A. Whedon.
Petersham Mission—To be supplied.
Hardwick—To be supplied.
N. Brookfield—Albert A. Cook.
Brookfield—G. W. Weeks.
Spencer—George W. Bates.
Leicester Mission—George Dunbar.
Southbridge—Chester Field.
Charlton—Thomas W. Gile.
Dorchester—Jeremiah L. Hanafor.
Woburn—M. Henry T. Ireson, Sup.
Oxford—Amos Walton.
Lunenburg—Samuel Tupper.
Leicester Mission—John C. Ingalls.
Fitchburg—D. K. Baunister.
H. Bronson, Agt. of Am. Bible Soc.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.—Aaron D. Sargeant, P. Elder.
Springfield, Union St.—William R. Clark.
" Pinckney St.—George Landon.
W. Springfield Mission—G. W. Green.
Cabotville—Lorance Crowell.
Chicopee—David Sherman.
South Hadley—John W. Darnham.
Worcester—Henry Y. Degen.
Wesleyan Academy—Robert Allyn.
Ludlow—Thomas G. Brown.
Jenksville—Daniel E. Chapin.
Wales & Mazon—William A. Clapp.
S. Wilbraham—Cyrus L. Eastman.
Ware—Isabiah Marcy.
" W. Brookfield & Northampton—To be supplied.
Preston, Dana & Athol—John S. Day.
Enfield & Greenfield Mission—M. Palmer.
Pelham—Windsor Ward.
Belchertown & Granby—S. Stileston.
Three Rivers—Amos Binney.
Southwick—Increase B. Bigelow.
Agawam & Feeding Hills Mission—Ephraim Scott.
Westfield—Mar. Trickett.
West Parish—John Ricketts.
Chester Village & Montgomery—Nathaniel J. Merrill.
Chester Factory & Otis—A. S. Flagg.
Granville & Becket—To be supplied.
Blanford Centre & North—N. E. Cobleigh, W. A. Braman.
Southampton—Freeman Nutting.
Northampton Mission—W. R. Bagnall.
Hatfield & Deerfield—Lanson B. Clark.
Williamsburg—John H. Twombly.
Northampton Factory—J. Nichols.
Savoy & Cummington—To be supplied.
Chesterfield—Edward A. Manning.
Charlton & Rowe—W. Bardwell.
Buckland & Shelburne—To be supplied.
Coleraine—John Cadwell.
Greenfield & Gill Mission—To be supplied.
Bernardston & Leyden Mission—Rufus P. Buffington.
Richard S. Rust transferred to the N. H. Conference.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Monday, May 4th. After the usual devotional exercises, the Conference proceeded to the reception of members on trial. Joseph A. Adams and Joseph Cummings were received.
The Conference received a circular from the Secretary of the Sunday School Union, Br. Kidder, in which it appears that the Union has been prospered in its operations. Although the receipts of the past year, ending April, 1846, are only \$800, yet they exceed the entire amount of its previous income during an existence of five years. Owing to a contemplated change in the time of making up the annual report, copies are not yet distributed; the circular speaks, however, of a great increase of our Sunday schools, Sunday teachers, and Sunday school scholars; the particulars of which will be found, doubtless, in the forth coming report, to which we beg leave to call the attention of our readers.
The committee on education then reported in part. After the reading of the report, Prof. Dempster of the Biblical Institute, addressed the Conference on the subject of theological education. Believing the subject to be interesting to the readers of the Herald, we have attempted a synopsis of his remarks, sufficient to show the topics upon which he dwelt, without pretending to retain his language, or to carry out fully the thoughts upon which he dwelt. After speaking of the internal management of the Institution, Prof. Dempster proceeded to show:
1. The special advantage of a theological training over private study. (1.) Mutual influence of the students in breaking up old and bad associations, and in forming a habit of self-reliance. (2.) Scientific form in which study is pursued. (3.) Seen by the happy influence of such training upon the Wesleyan

connection in England, upon which the speaker dwelt at some length.
2. That the times specially demanded such an institution.
3. That the foreign field of gospel labor demanded it.
4. The Professor showed the unsoundness of the objections urged from the influence of theological institutions heretofore.
5. He removed the objection that Methodist preachers have heretofore been useful without such training.
6. He showed the absence of all proportion between the demands made upon young preachers and the means afforded them to meet them.
The above are the leading thoughts, but a full appreciation of the eloquent address could be given only by listening to the speaker. There seems to be but one mind among the members of this Conference with regard to the necessity of such an institution, though there is some small difference of opinion concerning incidental matters, which more maturity of thought, we trust, will fully adjust.
No other business of public interest this morning.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

Monday Evening.—The anniversary of the New England Conference Missionary Society was held in Bromfield street church this evening. Rev. A. D. Sargeant in the chair. Meeting was opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Tippet. The Rev. G. F. Pool addressed the audience. His theme was the characteristics of the missionary spirit. First, it demanded an enterprising spirit. Secondly, it draws out our love for mankind. The speaker closed by remarking that he remembered that the church used to pray to God to open an *effectual door*. The prayer had been answered, the door had been opened in Africa, Oregon and China. The cry then went up, "Send us men." The men presented themselves, devoted, and approved by the church. Now the cry was, "Means?" we want the money to carry out the great enterprise. This evening we wish to respond to that cry.

Dr. Peck was introduced to the audience. He dwelt on the peculiarities of the missionary work. First, it is the peculiar method God has chosen to promulgate the gospel. Second, it is of a peculiarly providential character. This was seen in Dr. Coke's establishment of the West India Mission, of the Oregon Mission, and the Mission among the Wyandott Indians. It is especially seen in the case of those landed at the African Mission stations from the Pons.

The school had been thus supplied with scholars, who, when instructed and converted, would not, as heretofore in many cases, return to their own people and habits; their people being at an inaccessible distance.

The present printer of Africa's Luminary is a colored man, and was, when a boy, connected with the Book Concern. He was a devotedly pious boy; he was often found late at night studying alone the word of God. Such are the men God has raised up. The Dr. closed his remarks by earnestly requesting the audience to do something worthy of it.

The meeting was conducted in a quiet manner, and a salutary influence was evidently exerted upon those present, in favor of the missionary cause. The amount raised was \$920.00.

Tuesday Morning Session.—H. P. Hall, Amasa Taylor and C. W. Ainsworth were made supernumeraries. M. Palmer was voted an effective relation. The rest of the session was occupied in explanatory remarks, concerning the contemplated Conference action, in reference to the Theological Institute.

During the afternoon session the following brethren were received on trial. Daniel A. Whedon, John C. Ingalls, George W. Weeks and Algernon S. Flagg. The remaining part of the session was occupied in the examination of character.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

Tuesday Evening.—The anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society, met at Bennett street this evening. Br. Shepard opened the discussion by a few remarks on the peculiarity of our present position, and the necessity of vigorous efforts.

Br. Tupper next addressed the meeting in a few exhortatory remarks on the evil of slavery. Br. Thayer followed, by maintaining the position and sentiments of abolitionists. Out of New England, many think abolitionists enemies of the church; it is not so. For myself, when I go out of the M. E. Church, you will have to put me out; and then I'll get back again if I can. But our sentiment is, that men cannot be held and treated as property by men. This great principle we hold; circumstances cannot alter it.

Br. Gridley spoke for a few moments. He liked the spirit of the meeting. He wanted that we should do not only the right thing, carefully and prayerfully, but do it in the right way, with a sanctified spirit.

Wednesday Morning.—At an early part of the session an exhibit of the state of the Book Concern was presented by the agent, Br. Tippet, and considerable time was occupied by Dr. Peck and others, in discussing the difficulties and importance of the circulation of our books. These remarks were in substance, those reported from the Providence Conference. The subject of circulating our books was referred to a committee, to report at the next Conference. The first question was taken up. Chester Field was received on trial.

After attending to the business, not of public interest, the Conference adjourned.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

A funeral sermon was preached at the Bromfield street church, by Rev. J. Hascall, on the death of Rev. Reuben Ransom and James Mudge, members of the Conference, deceased the past year. The text was selected from Luke 1st chapter, 6th verse:—"They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." The preacher remarked, that we were assembled for our personal profit. The text was applicable to the brethren who had left us. He would show incidentally, its application to them. He considered:
1. The character in the text. They were not only pardoned, but sanctified. Our Br. Ransom long professed this attainment. As a Presiding Elder, he had been intimately acquainted with him, and had been greatly profited by his trait of his character. Br. Mudge also enjoyed, preached and conversed constantly, concerning the subject of holiness. This doctrine was imparted to the minister, 1st. To enable him to love his work. 2d. To feel for the church and sinner. 3d. To bear its trials.

If the lives of the persons presented in the text. They discharged the private and public duties involving upon them. The speaker here showed the application of this part of the subject to Br. Ransom and Mudge. Application. Such men will be characterized by an excellent spirit, blameless life, and happy death.

The congregation was largely and solemnly impressed. The singing seemed to us to be admirably adapted to the subdued spirit produced by the sermon; and in the use of our inimitable funeral hymns, the effect was one apparently of unusual profit. The service was closed by a prayer, by Rev. E. T. Taylor, of unsurpassed eloquence. The touching allusions, the beautiful imagery, and the melting pathos, was such as to be felt but not described.

Thursday Morning.—After the opening of the Conference, Ephraim Scott was admitted on trial.

Bro. Pelly of the Pittsburg Conference was introduced.
On the report of the committee on necessities cases, a considerable discussion arose from the presentation of the fact that many of the preachers were inadequately supported; some members of the Conference contending that societies not raising comfortable support for a preacher ought not to have one appointed to them. The subject was referred to a committee to report to the next Conference.
An exhibit of the financial interests of the Wesleyan University was presented.
The members of the Conference made up the deficiency due the University, on the part of the endowment pledged by them.
The committee on slavery reported. The resolutions adopted on this subject were ordered to be published in Zion's Herald. Conference adjourned.

Afternoon Session.—The Conference was occupied in receiving the reports of committees, the substance of which will be published in the Minutes, and Zion's Herald. We commend the perusal of the Minutes to the attention of our readers. They may be obtained, we presume, of most of the preachers.
The Conference was brought to a close by singing a hymn on 384th page of our hymn book, and a prayer by Br. Tippet.

The Bishop then remarked that not more than 10 hours of the last 48 had been devoted to rest; therefore a formal address could not be expected. The method of making the appointments was as follows: The places to receive preachers were marked out; a nomination for a place named was called for; the nomination discussed; dissenting opinions were asked. There was generally an agreement; it is not true that a Presiding Elder appoints the preachers of his district; all the Presiding Elders have something to say of each appointment. The Superintendent must decide the question. He could not hope all the appointments would be satisfactory; but he hoped that both the people and preachers would, in most cases, be satisfied. But he begged the preachers, he begged the people, not to be precipitate—a little patience, a fair trial, might remove all the cause of dissatisfaction. He thought it was highly desirable that those preachers connected in Quarterly Conference should exchange as often as possible. [The Conference voted instantly to exchange thus, once a month.]

He had sought in the general arrangements of the Superintendents, to come to the New England Conference. The kindness of the members in a season of deep affliction had affected his heart. The renewed expression of kindness and the courteous treatment he had received, would be long remembered. He desired that holiness might be our great aim.

The Conference has been one burdened, we think, with an unusual amount of business, which has been done in a uniformly kind spirit. Z. A. MUDGE.

SOUTHERN GENERAL CONFERENCE.
Our readers will, of course, expect some information from this body. We condense the following outline from the New York Commercial Advertiser:
Petersburg, Friday, May 1.—Bishop Soule was present, but on account of his not having as yet announced his adherence to the Church South, he did not participate in the day's proceedings.
Bishop Andrew being absent, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Winans, the Rev. John Early, of the Virginia Conference, was appointed president pro tem.
The reports from the different Conferences far as they were represented, were then handed in and read by the secretary. [Sixty four delegates present.] Rev. T. N. Ralston was elected Secretary, and the Rev. T. O. Summers, of the Alabama Conference, Assistant Secretary.

The Rev. Dr. Capers, of the South Carolina Conference, suggested the propriety of an adjournment.—He referred to the facts which had been mentioned by Dr. Winans, in addition to which, the unexpected absence of Bishop Andrew and the brethren who were supposed to be with him, was another, and, of itself, a sufficient reason for adjourning. He moved, therefore, that the Conference adjourn to meet again at the same place to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock.

Saturday, May 2d.—The Conference met at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Bishop James O. Andrew appeared and took the chair as president of the conference.

Dr. Capers moved to amend the journal by striking out that portion which referred to the absence of a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which motion was opposed by Messrs. H. G. Leigh, W. A. Smith, Winans and Crowder.

Mr. Stevenson, of Kentucky, moved to amend by inserting in place of the objectionable words, the following:—"Bishop Andrew not having arrived, and Bishop Soule not having as yet formally adhered to the M. E. Church South," which was adopted.

Bishop Soule rose and asked indulgence for a few remarks at the present part of the proceedings. He considered that the assembling of this body, as now organized, was the consummation of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in conformity to the "Plan of Separation" adopted by the General Conference of the M. E. Church in 1844.—He regarded himself, therefore, at this juncture, as standing before the General Conference of the M. E. Church South fully organized, and clothed with full and entire powers to transact all business appropriate to a Methodist General Conference.

This organization he looked upon as having been commenced in the "Declaration" of the delegates of the Conference in the slaveholding States, made at New York in 1844, as having been advanced in its various stages in the "Protest"—the "Plan of Separation"—the appointment of delegates to the Louisville Convention—in the action of that body—in the subsequent action of the Annual Conferences approving the acts of their delegates at the convention, and finally, in sending their delegates to constitute the present body, and to be now completed in the assembling of the body under a constitutional president. He had marked with great care, the various stages of this important matter from first to last, and was fully satisfied that every step had been taken in full conformity to the act of the General Conference of 1844. He had marked with no ordinary satisfaction, the peace and unity which had governed the counsels of the new organization. He knew of no single case—he doubted whether ecclesiastical history could furnish a case—similar to this, as to the unanimity with which such a great movement had been carried through. We were debtors to a superintending Providence in this matter. God be praised!

His last tour of labor had called him into those portions of the work where the greatest difficulties were apprehended, and he had been happily disappointed in finding such agreement and unanimity both among preachers and people. Apprehended difficulties had subsided in a great degree, and peace and quietness prevailed everywhere. He rejoiced exceedingly in this state of things. He referred to the misrepresentations of his views and opinions, which had been put forth in various quarters, and the very strange attitudes he had been made to assume in regard to the episcopal office and its prerogatives. These misrepresentations had been circulated through these lands and across the seas. He had been held up as possessing views on this subject quite different from those

entertained by his venerable predecessors, Bishops Asbury and McKendree.

Those charges were too general and indefinite to allow of any specific defence or reply. It was sufficient for him to say, that after an intimate acquaintance with both those good and great men, at periods in the history of the church which "tried men's souls," he had full access to, and as perfect a knowledge of the views of his predecessors, as any other man of his day. He assured them, that if he entertained any opinions different from those of Asbury and McKendree—any higher views of the prerogatives of the episcopal office—it was unknown to himself. That he differed with many excellent brethren with regard to the relative position of the episcopal office he did not doubt; but no man should mystify him. He did not accord with the views of some brethren expressed on the floor of the General Conference of 1844; and farther, if those were the views generally prevailing in the church, he should unhesitatingly say he could not sustain the office.—He had once resigned his election on this very ground, and under similar circumstances he would resign again. Neither that he, personally, was so much concerned, but the great principles given to us by our fathers in the organization of the church, were involved. He was resolved that this sacred deposit should never be marred in his hands, essential as it was to the accomplishment of the great work before the church.

He needed not to say more. The time had now come when it was proper for him to declare his adhesion. Sustaining no relation to any Annual Conference which he did not to another, he could not declare his adhesion to any one of these bodies. He had stated at the Louisville convention, that before this body he should make his adhesion to the Church South. Under the provisions of the Plan of separation, availing himself of the present opportunity he adhered, and now, formally, gave in his adhesion to the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He would do the same were he only a private member or minister. He was ready, if the Conference should think proper to receive him in his present relation, to serve them to the best of his ability.

At the conclusion of the Bishop's address, Mr. Drake, of Mississippi, moved that this conference receive the Rev. Bishop Soule as a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which was adopted unanimously.

On motion of Dr. Bascom, Bishop Soule was requested to communicate in writing the substance of his remarks in declaring his adherence to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and that a committee be appointed to respond in the shape of a resolution.

The occasion has brought together a large number of the laity; not from the vicinity but from other states, at a distance of some hundred miles. Every prominent hotel in the city is filled.

Monday, May 4th.—It was announced by Dr. Capers, that Bishop Andrew had been unwell during yesterday, but his complaint had yielded to medical treatment and he was much better.

Some conversation took place on the disposition of the address made by Bishop Soule on Saturday, in which Messrs. Capers, Sumner, Longstreet, Crouch, Leigh and Bascom took part. It was merely on the form in which it should stand on the journal.

The committee, constituted of one member from each conference, were announced as follows:
ON EPISCOPACY.—Messrs. B. T. Crouch, S. Patton, A. Monroe, E. W. Schott, T. Crowder, S. B. Bryant, J. C. Berryman, M. Brock, W. M. Wightman, W. Winans, C. Richardson, E. H. Lusk, J. Boring, J. F. Trudiver, J. W. G. Parks.

ON LITURGY.—Messrs. J. Stamper, T. Sullivan, S. Patton, A. E. Driskill, A. Penn, J. Jamison, W. Browning, W. McFerrin, N. Talbot, J. Lane, R. Alexander, A. Martin, E. V. Levent, W. F. Ratcliffe, F. Wilson, G. F. Pierce.

ON BAPTISMS.—Messrs. H. H. Kavanaugh, D. Fleming, T. Wagoner, F. G. Ferguson, H. B. Cooke, P. Dool, J. C. Berryman, J. W. D. Hearn, C. Bots, G. M. Rogers, C. Richardson, R. H. Lusk, T. H. Capers, J. F. Trudiver, J. W. G. Parks.

ON FINANCE.—G. W. Bush, T. C. Catlett, J. Boyle, A. L. P. Green, W. A. Smith, H. G. Leigh, W. Browning, J. T. Backwell, H. A. C. Walker, B. M. Drake, R. Alexander, A. Martin, J. Hamilton, A. Hunter, F. Wilson, S. Anthony.

Reports, petitions, memorials and appeals were called for by the president.

KENTUCKY CONFERENCE, by Rev. J. B. McFerrin, presented a petition from Maysville respecting the condition of the Church in that place, growing out of the division of the Church as made by the act of the Louisville convention. A chancery suit had been commenced, and the case finally carried to the court of the last resort, where it now awaits decision. Referred to a committee of five.

BOOK CONCERN.—Petitions were presented for the location of the "Book Concern" at Nashville and at Cincinnati, and notices given that hereafter petitions for the like purpose would be presented from Louisville and Georgia.

On motion of Dr. Paine, it was
Resolved, That the committee on finance be directed to consider the subject of periodicals, and report what jurisdiction this conference has over those papers established by the M. E. Church within our bounds; whether it is expedient to continue all of them; and also whether it is proper to appoint or elect officers at this General Conference.

After the formal adjournment, the president, Bishop Soule, requested the members to tarry a few minutes. Dr. Winans then read an expression of his feelings and that of many of his brethren, who had passed through a portion of the bounds of the "Northern Church," for the very kind and affectionate treatment they had received from their Northern brethren on their way to this city. It expresses the hope that, although a separation has taken place, whenever a Southern brother, in the providence of God, shall be called to visit a Northern city or place where there is a Methodist pulpit, he may find it open to his ministry, and assuring the Northern brethren that the like Christian courtesy shall always be extended to them. The document was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be signed by three members of the conference, and published.

Dr. Olin has been induced at the instance of the New England Conference, and the persuasion of many of his friends who are anxious to have his valuable services in the London Convention, to consent, notwithstanding his former declination to accept an appointment as delegate of the New England Conference. The commencement at Middletown was his only reason for declining before. That objection ought to be waived in view of this great council of the Protestant world. President Olin can prepare fully the diplomas of his graduates, and continue at the college till within a short time of the commencement, and others can take charge on that occasion, as in the absence of Dr. Fisk at the British Conference. We congratulate the whole church on this appointment. We give a list of brethren who have offered to pay five dollars each, towards the expenses of this part of the delegation.

NAMES FOR THE UNIVERSITY.
Robert Allyn, Wilbraham; Henry H. Adams, Agent of the American Bible Society. George London, Springfield. A. Stevens, Boston. Wm. R. Bagnall, Middletown. Bradford K. Peirce, Boston. Richard S. Rust, Northfield. M. J. Talbot, Jr., Centerville. George B. Cone, East Greenwich, Charles Adams, Boston. Prof. Johnson, Middletown. Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, Blandford, Mass. Rev. C. T. Hinman, Newbury, Vt.

Brethren, alumni and students of the University, will be happy to receive any additional names from you.

THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

The following resolutions were adopted at the late New England Conference, and, as far as we could notice, almost unanimously. The whole subject was thoroughly discussed, and the action of the conference on it as deliberately done as any thing, we will venture to say, in its history.

Resolved, That we will take a collection, in the month of December, for the Wesleyan Institution, annually, in all the congregations.

Resolved, That as soon as our responsibilities to the Wesleyan University and Wesleyan Academy will admit, we will co-operate with the other New England Conferences in raising the amount of the endowment which we voted last year.

Resolved, That after the ensuing year, we pledge ourselves that our annual collection for the Institution shall amount to the interest of our due proportion of the above named endowment, being a sum not exceeding \$6,000, until the endowment shall be secured.

Resolved, That J. Hascall, D. S. King, C. Adams, J. Porter, and M. Raymond, be and hereby are appointed to act in connection with those appointed by the other N. E. Conferences as trustees of the Theological Institution, and that they are hereby instructed to invite the trustees of the Biblical Institute at Newbury, to co-operate with them as soon as convenient; and that they be also instructed to locate and otherwise determine the institution as early as practicable.

Resolved, That the endowment already voted shall be permanently funded, except the salaries of agents, which shall be fixed by the trustees so that the principal shall remain for ever unexpended, and the interest alone be used for the support of the Institution.

Resolved, That the respective sums subscribed or secured by note, shall draw annual interest from the date of their subscription, and shall be payable in four equal annual instalments, the first becoming due one year after subscription.

Resolved, That we earnestly request the concurrence of the other New England Conferences in the above resolutions.

Resolved, That the Secretary be and hereby is instructed to communicate to the other N. E. Conferences copies of these resolutions.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY.
The committee have learned with pleasure, that this Institution has, during the past year, secured the services of the Rev. Robert Allyn as principal, and that the school is in a highly prosperous condition in every particular, except its pecuniary interests.—They recommend the following resolution.

Resolved, That as soon as our responsibilities to the Wesleyan University shall cease, we will most cordially give aid for whatever assistance the circumstances of the institution may require.

The Conference are reminded that the visitors to this Academy were appointed at our last session, and that they are Mr. Trafon, A. B. Merrill, Esq., the pastors of the two churches at Springfield, and the Presiding Elders of the Springfield and Worcester Districts.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.
The committee have examined the accounts of our agent, and find that the whole amount of subscription obtained by him is \$4,582.12, and the whole amount of moneys collected is \$1,152.02. He claims for his salary during the whole time of his agency, \$700, including all expenses, which they recommend to Conference to allow.

It is the opinion of the committee that it will require a sum not less than two thousand dollars net capital, to complete the endowment for which the Conference is responsible.

They recommend that the Conference request the superintendent to appoint Jacob Sanborn agent of the University for the ensuing year. They report the following resolutions.

Resolved, That we will unite and individually labor in connection with the agent, to complete the endowment for the University during the ensuing Conference year.

Resolved, That J. A. Merrill, C. K. True and Jacob Sleeper be and hereby are appointed a permanent auditing committee, through whom the business of the agency shall be transferred to the new agent, and to whom the agent shall be responsible in the interim of the Conference.

Resolved, That those preachers who have pledged themselves to pay interest money to the Wesleyan University, be instructed to pay at this time one half of their annual interest, and the balance at our next Conference, unless the same be otherwise provided for; and that if said balance be not provided for by the month of August next, then the agent be requested to advance the same to the University; they, the said preachers, being responsible to refund the same at the next session of our Conference.

Resolved, That the Presiding Elder of Springfield District, Isaac Rich and Annis Merrill, Esq., be and hereby are appointed visitors to the Wesleyan University.
All of which is respectfully submitted.
M. RAYMOND, Chairman.

REPORTS

OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

THE LONDON CONVENTION

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That we regard the call of a general convention of the representatives of the evangelical world as one of the most promising signs of the times, and a movement in which the whole church should feel a warm and prayerful interest.

2. Resolved, That we nominate Rev. Dr. Olin, President of our University at Middletown, as our representative to the convention, in connection with such other conferences as may desire to unite with us in the nomination.

3. Resolved, That we respectfully request the trustees of the University to make such arrangements as to permit the President to attend upon this meeting.

4. Resolved, That we also nominate Jacob Sleeper, Esq., as a lay delegate to the same convention.

The committee are prepared to say, that the expenses of the nominees will be provided for without any action on the part of the Conference.
Respectfully submitted,
M. RAYMOND, Chairman.

KNOX TOWER AND CHURCHES.—A proposal has been made in Edinburgh, Scotland, to erect a suitable monument to the great reformer, John Knox, which is to consist of a massy tower, and at least two places of worship.

BIBLE IN ITALY.—A writer in the New York Evangelist, says that "but few persons are aware of the extent to which Italy is accessible to the Christian enterprise: The Bible can be circulated in Italy.—The grand duke of Tuscany has recently consented to the publication of the Scriptures in his domain."

ROMANISM AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Abbe Margat, in a report which he made to the Sandwich Islands government last year, represented the number of churches as belonging to the Romanists as amounting to 90; the number of school houses, 110; the number of scholars, 3,000; the number of proselytes, 14,000.

THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

A brother at Newbury makes the following inquiries respecting the measures of the late Providence Conference concerning the Theological Institution:—

1. In the first measure recommended, to modify the plan, &c., did the trustees of the Newbury Biblical Institute co-operate in that measure, or did that committee, or those trustees, as they are called, intend to strike out the plan of the Theological Institute separate and distinct from the Newbury Biblical Institute?

2. In the second measure adopted by that meeting to obtain collections, &c., it is understood that these collections are for the support of the Newbury Biblical Institute, or for some other Trustees under the style of the Methodist Theological Institute of New England; it is understood that that confirmation constitute be, if necessary required, to whom subscriptions may run, and we reply to the above in brief:—

Previous to the New England Conference of 1845, a committee of brethren from Newbury visited the Boston Preachers' Meeting, and proposed to them to co-operate with the trustees of the Newbury Biblical Institute in inviting Br. Dempster to act as the Institution could be made general, and its future location left to the voice of the conference. The reply of this committee was satisfactory, and Br. Dempster was invited. He consented with the understanding that it should thus be a common interest, and proposed a plan of endowment, which was adopted by all the New England Conferences, and which provides that the board of trustees should consist of five from each conference, and that a majority of them should reside at the Institution. A meeting of these trustees was called to attend to their appropriate business, but it was found, after the call and before the meeting, that the charter of the Institute at Newbury allowed only ten trustees, and these were already in existence; the conference trustees could not therefore act under the charter, nor could the incorporated trustees act under it with the conference trustees. But as the proposition from the Institute at Newbury to the conference offered them the power expressly to locate and otherwise control the Institution, looking simply to school for our common welfare, and not to local interest, and as the conference had committed themselves to such a project before the public and appointed twenty-five trustees to prosecute it, these trustees proceeded in Newbury meeting, and, as a postscript to the conference, they looked simply to school for our common welfare

BIOGRAPHICAL.

SISTER SOPHIA J. POST, wife of Rev. Jedediah Post, died in Colchester, Conn., April 9, aged 23 years. Five years since she sought and found that "good path" which afforded her enjoyment and abiding peace in the hours of health and prosperity, and when the blighting influences of disease prostrated her physical energies, its consolations supported her. When "life's quivering heart-strings" were sundering, the staff of the Holy One of Israel comforted her, and we have no doubt but she is now joining in the eternal anthem, "Worthy is the Lamb." May divine grace sustain her afflicted companion.

M. P. ALDERMAN.
Colchester, Conn., April 26.

SISTER LUCY COBB, daughter of Rev. Jona. Cobb, died in North Bucksport, Jan. 13, aged 22 years. The subject of this notice early displayed extraordinary mental powers, and a burning thirst for knowledge and usefulness. Her great desire was to be able to instruct the youth. Sister Cobb was the subject of religious impressions from her early youth, and so mild was her disposition, so even her temper, and so consistent and mature her character, that it is difficult to determine the precise time of her conversion. She did not, however, make a public profession until 1839. She has lived an exemplary life and died a peaceful death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," &c.

R. R. RICHARDS.
North Bucksport, April 24.

CAPT. WILLIAM TODD died at Milltown, St. Stephens, N. B., April 1, aged 70 years. Father Todd was born at Milltown, N. H., from whence he came in early life and settled on the St. Croix, where he has passed a long and eventful life. About ten years ago he came to a saving knowledge of the truth, and connected himself with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, a worthy member of which he continued till the close of his earthly pilgrimage. His heart was in the benevolent operations of the age, and he often manifested to the writer a deep interest in the subject of religion and the prosperity of Christ's kingdom.

His last sickness (pulmonary consumption) was somewhat protracted and painful, but he endured all with Christian fortitude and resignation to the divine will, repeatedly expressing his gratitude to God for his many and great mercies and blessings, and for sustaining grace. His end was peace, and he has gone, we believe, as a trophy of divine grace, to be a gem in the coronet that decks the Saviour's brow. Our venerable brother enjoyed one blessing that really falls to the lot of man. He lived and died in the bosom of his family, consisting of the companion of his youth and ten of the eleven children which God gave them, all of whom are settled in the immediate vicinity of his residence, and were present during his last illness, to administer to his comfort and to follow him to his last retreat. May they so live that they may meet him in heaven.

April 28. C. C. CONE.

Will the Christian Mirror please copy?

MARY E., wife of Br. Silas McAllister, died at Milltown, Me., April 12, aged 27 years. Our sister was wasting away under the influence of pulmonary consumption for several months prior to her decease, during which time she exhibited true Christian heroism, having the victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. As life was ebbing out, and the outer man was decaying day by day, the inner man was growing strong in the Lord and ripening for eternal bliss. A few days before her end, the enemy made a last and desperate assault, which resulted in his signal defeat and the victor's triumphant shout over her fallen, vanquished foe.

April 28. C. C. CONE.

SISTER ABIGAIL SPENCER died in Upper Stillwater. Sister Spencer's maiden name was Fenelon. She experienced religion some twenty years since in the town of Alexander, and some years after connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her life was a life of pain. She died with a lingering disease, which she patiently endured till she fell asleep in Christ.

ELLA, infant daughter of Br. Elias Applebee, died in Upper Stillwater a few weeks since, aged one year. She was a most interesting child, but has gained a better world.

April 28. C. B. DUNN.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

From the Young Lady's Friend.

THE TWO STEWPAUNS.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

So my young friend Mary had again invited me to visit her at her new home; "I will go," I said, joyfully. I desire so much to see her bright face again, and her husband, too, and to behold how becomingly she wears the honors of lady matron in her new house. "In a few days matters were arranged to go; then a charming half day's ride brought me before her door. "Surely it is pretty here," I inwardly exclaimed; "this dear front yard, and that white rose, trained so lovingly over the window; Mary's sitting-room, I suppose, and the house so white and well kept; and green blinds, so cool and shady in summer; and the front entry, with simple straw carpet—it looks so pretty here; so quiet, so truly home-like," and I ran after my baggage up the flag stones. Some one came down stairs—"Ah, Mary!" I exclaimed, "I have come." "Come directly into the sitting room," she said, opening the west door. True enough, it was the sitting room. Behold the green and graceful drapery of the white rose before the window. She took off my bonnet and sat me down in her own arm-chair, and then went away, but soon returned and placed her nice, fat baby in my arms. "Beautiful baby!" I exclaimed. "Ah, Mary, what a treasure!" It looked amazed at me, then smiled and kicked its little feet right lustily. "Baby knows I am its mother's friend," I said, as I kissed his rosy cheeks with cordial good will. Then came Mary's husband. He is a favorite of mine, so kind and sensible; he is quite business-like in his manners, with a heart brimful of friendliness; if you ever feel like asking a favor, go to him, Mary's husband. Supper followed, and a merrier three never sat down over a cup of tea. These nice white cakes and this delicious raspberry! These could only come from a skillful hand! Mary laughed, and her husband seemed to enjoy them as they were. Then we went into the little garden and sat a while on the pleasant piazza; then explored the chambers, and looked at this prospect and that, the baby every where accompanying us, in his father's arms. Every thing was in keeping; every thing pleasant and tasteful; every thing which I saw, at least. Then we walked out to take a bird's eye view of the village from a hill hard by. Every thing pleased me. "So then Mary does finely, after all," I reflected, "after retiring to rest. "I knew she would; how beautiful it is to see two young people beginning life together. How fresh is every thing. Yes, and

how new and clean, and how easy to keep clean; and my mind unceremoniously wandered from the romance of a young wedded couple to the difficulty of keeping an old house clean.

I had not been here many days before I began to suspect, then to fear, that Mary was not so happy as she had at first seemed, or as happy as she ought to be, with so much about her to make happiness. "Why is this?" I anxiously asked.

We were going to ride. The chaise arrived, and the husband jumped out, and as he came in, said, "Mary, is my coat needed? I must wear that, I believe. You remember the one I spoke about a week ago, and then showed to you again yesterday?" "O no! it is not needed!" cried Mary, from up stairs. "I will do it now; but no, I am not dressed yet myself;" and she ran about from this drawer to that, quite hurriedly. "One finds so much to do in housekeeping," she said to me apologetically, and with peevishness.

One day Mary promised us an apple pudding, made her new way, with potatoes in the flour. It was a special favorite of ours, her husband and myself. "Your pudding, Mary," I suggested, taking advantage of our friendship, as we sat together in the forenoon. "Yes, I know it; I am just going!" Then she began to tell a story, then placed a plate of cake before me—then she was doing nothing; there lay baby frolicking on the floor. "The pudding, Mary," I said to myself, "it will not be done; then what will Mr. B. say?" Ah! I well knew what husbands sometimes thought and said at a half cooked dinner. "The pudding"—I was near ejaculating a third time, when Mary concluded to go about it. Dinner came, the pudding, it looked plump and round. She cut it; a large slice laid on the plate, but alas! the crust inside was still dough! We took it in silence. "The apple, perhaps, will be nice"—but no, it was hard and uncooked! "Mary, this business you ought to look into," said the husband, in a tone which was not to be gainsayed. "I never could make puddings," declared Mary, blushing and mortified.

By-and-by Mary became more confidential. "How I dread going into that hot kitchen to make pies! How I hate scalding my preserves, it is so troublesome! There are so many disagreeable things to do in housekeeping," she declared once and again.

"Somehow or other, I do not seem to get along very well in housekeeping," she said to me sadly, one day. "I know James is not satisfied; you know his mother was such an excellent housekeeper—there are so many disagreeables."

"Pray what, Mary?" I asked kindly.

"O, so many! making bread, filling lamps, and washing potatoes, if you'll allow—then, one's hands—I don't think I am fit for it, at all." Tears came in her eyes. Poor Mary! "In what respect do you think you are not fit for it?" I asked. "Let us look into it, Mary. There is so much time for you to learn." "I don't know as there is," she replied. "I have no tact for housekeeping; nothing is ever done, James says," and she seemed perplexed and sorrowful. "Can't you give me a few ideas?" she asked, looking up with childlike confidence so natural to her. "Perhaps I can. Mary, will you listen and profit?" I asked, seriously, for I beheld breakers ahead. "Mary, the time was, when household duties were all new to me; nay, all distasteful. Unaccustomed to them and unskilled in them, I shrink from them, dreading and avoiding them. I went over them, too, in my bitterness of soul. My domestics left me, as every New England housekeeper knows how unceremoniously they sometimes will, and I was sole mistress of my kitchen, pantry, sink, cooking stove, and all. What shall I do, the pitiful cry. I contrived to get along as best I could, but I could get early released from active household duties; in a word, Mary, I was a shirk! My husband, punctual, exact, and woefully particular, so I then thought, did not at all relish the appearance of things under my care; it was too evident for me not to know it. 'I hate,' and 'I dread,' promised every kitchen duty, until, at length, dishes, plates, pots and pans, in a most untoward state began to accumulate frightfully upon my hands. My husband was silent and cold; I fretful and faultfinding; a sad pass!—'This will never, never, do!' I ejaculated, one cold, gray morning, when every thing looked grayer and more cheerless than ever. My closets, drawers, and store-room! Had the rats and the mice made such a strife, then were there some body to blame. As it was, ah me!—but it won't do! and I began to look about it. From beneath a little shelf under the sink, I drew out two stewpans, first one and then the other, with apple burnt and baked, and crusted on them. I had stowed them away without courage to enforce the scraping and scrubbing necessary to their restoration to the upper shelf. Every day for a week had they peeped out, and every day had I tried to push them farther under, but no, not they; and now they stood out as large as life, with a dozen plates in a similar condition. How I loathed the sight of those stewpans, with cold, greasy water standing in the bottom. What shall I do? At this point, a sense of my inefficiency flashed painfully across my mind. 'There I was, shrinking and shivering before two stewpans! No longer shall this be,' I resolved instantly. Taking off my rings—and rings are wonderfully in the way of washing up dishes—and tying on a checked apron, I heroically seized a stewpan by the brim. Scrape, scrape, scrape, washing, rinsing, and they are clean, invitingly clean! Two nice, round, agreeably favored stewpans stared me in the face! I turned them over, and not a speck or flaw could be detected. I had done it, actually done it, and not so bad work either. I smiled complacently upon the two, and they reflected back my smiles. From that moment I took courage. I resolved to do, and then inward strength rose up. From that moment, Mary, I never suffered myself to shrink from, or dread, or put off anything. Whatever was to be done I did it, and in the right time; and from that time, too, difficulties began to vanish. I found it could be done, and I would do it. Depend upon it, Mary, you must seize right hold of your domestic duties, and discharge them promptly and efficiently, if you would be faithful to yourself and your household. Shrink, dreading, putting off, cools the water without washing up. Long time after, if I ever flagged, away I ran to the shelves, to refresh my courage by a look at the two stewpans. They encouraged and strengthened me. Those dear old stewpans, with faces so clean and round. From them I date all my housekeeping skill and efficiency. My husband does not know how much he owes them, when he surveys my domains with so satisfied an air. Yes, Mary, the secret of it, after long misdoings, we must have a starting point, a something on which to begin in good earnest, seriously and earnestly. One thing well achieved, and we take courage for the next. And now, Mary, what lesson do you learn from this?"

"That I must instantly see if the salt is in the pot, and boiling, too?" brightly hastening away with more alacrity than I had yet seen her, toward the kitchen.

Ah, yes, young housekeeper, prompt achievement is the very soul of housekeeping! If you have been a busy idler during your maidenhood, in your mother's parlor, you have little prospect of usefulness, prosperity, or enjoyment as a wife, a mother, or a matron, unless you are willing to see with your own eyes, to work with your own hands, and become the ubiquitous mistress of your household.

Portsmouth, N. H., Jan., 1846.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE HEART.

"My son, give me thy heart."

"Pa," said Maria suddenly, one day after she had been thinking for some time, "pa, what does heart mean? When you talk about my heart, I can't think of any thing but those gingerbread hearts that we eat."

"You know, dear, that your heart is not any thing which you can see." "O yes, pa, I know that; I know my heart is not like those, but I want to know what it is like." "You know there is something within you, which loves and hates; this something is your heart. So when God says, 'Give me your heart,' he means, 'love me.'"

"Pa, it seems as if I wanted to love God, but I don't know how." "You know how to love me, don't you?" "O yes, pa." "But I never told you how to love me?" "O, but that is very different."

"Why, papa, I see you, and know all about you, and you love me."

"Do you love nobody that you have never seen, Maria?"

"I don't know, papa; yes, to be sure, I love grandpapa, and uncle George, and aunt Caroline. But then I have heard you talk about them, papa, and I know that you love them, and they have sent me presents."

"So I have talked to you about God, and you more than any body else in the world. Besides, you love people sometimes who have never given you any thing, and whom none of us have ever seen. Don't you remember little Henry and his Bearer?"

"Yes, papa, I love Henry, I am sure." "You see, then, it is possible to love the characters of people whom you have never seen. Now, the character of God is infinitely lovely; he deserves to be loved more than all other beings together; and if you love those who have been kind to you, only think what God has done for you. He gave you parents to take care of you, when you could not take care of yourself; he has given you food, and clothing and friends; he has watched over you by night and by day; and when you were sick he has made you well; and now, when he comes to you after all this, and says, 'My daughter, give me thine heart,' you say, 'No, I can't, I don't know how; I can love my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, but I cannot love God, who gave them all to me.'"

"O, papa, I will, I do love him," replied Maria, with fervor.

"Perhaps you think so now, Maria."

"O, I shall always love him, I know I shall." Her father smiled.

"Papa, you cannot see into my heart—how do you know that I love God?" "Suppose you should come to me every day and say, 'Dear papa, how I love you,' and then go right away and disobey me—could I believe you?"

"No, papa."

"Well, dear, how can I believe that you love God, when I see you every day doing those things which he forbids?" Maria could not reply to this; and so the conversation closed. She was obliged to confess to herself that her father had spoken the truth, but still she thought it to be no evidence that she did not love God. "I never thought," said she to herself, "that when I am cross to George, or any thing like that, I was sinning against God; at least it never seemed that he minded any thing about it; and I did not think of his being so good either; but now I remember it, I shall never do so again, and then pa will see that I love God."—Pastor's Daughter.

THE THREE SILVER TROUTS.

A pious father who has gone to heaven, once told his story to his little daughter—

There were once three little silver trouts, who lived in a stream of clear water which ran between two high, green banks. The banks protected it from the wind and storms, and so the water was always smooth; and as the sun shone there, it was a very delightful place. Besides, these little fishes had plenty to eat and drink, and nothing to trouble them; so that you would have expected them to be perfectly happy. But alas! it was not so; these little trouts were so foolish as to be discontented and unhappy, and God heard them complaining. So he told the little fishes that each of them might wish for whatever he pleased, and it should be granted. So the first little trout said, "I am tired of moping up here in the water, and of having to stay all the time in one place; I should like to have wings to fly in the air as the birds do, and go where I pleased."

The next said, "I am a tired of moping up here in the water, and of having to stay all the time in one place; I should like to have wings to fly in the air as the birds do, and go where I pleased."

The third said, "I am a tired of moping up here in the water, and of having to stay all the time in one place; I should like to have wings to fly in the air as the birds do, and go where I pleased."

The next said, "I am a tired of moping up here in the water, and of having to stay all the time in one place; I should like to have wings to fly in the air as the birds do, and go where I pleased."

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ORDER.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time. RESOLUTION.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

INDUSTRY.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

SINCERITY.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

JUSTICE.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

MODERATION.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

CLEANLINESS.—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

TRANQUILITY.—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common and unavoidable.

HUMILITY.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

TEMPERANCE.

For the Herald and Journal.

INTEMPERANCE.

Dear Brother,—Next to rum drinking among professors of religion, in deep and disgraceful wickedness, is eating for rum sellers for offices of trust and profit. This is done all over our country where such men are nominated. A vile rum seller confessed a few days since, near where I write, that the "liquor business was the very means of our ruin."

"He was asked why he continued the traffic." "O, I can make money by it." "Yes, make money as the price of souls and Christians to go to the gallows box, and vote for men who confess their shame and wickedness to the world without fear. A few years since a notorious rum seller was loading up his teams from the wharf in a town on the Kennebec, for his store in the country. One of his townsmen being near, remarked that he thought he had quite a large quantity. 'Yes! yes!' replied the old hearty dealer, 'I have used up my first set of customers, and I must get up a good lot to use up my second.' This was not a joke, for he had done just what he said he should do; as I was informed by a physician of the place, that he knew of more than fifty that had been murdered by rum. Let all rum sellers confess the truth, and they would stand before the world self-condemned murderers. We have quite a number of such criminal men elected for our next Legislature; and to my own knowledge and safe information, there were members of the M. E. Church that sacrificed their self-respect and voted for them. One of them has sworn that if he cannot get a living by such means, he will starve. He carries it out with rum and gambling.

Another is a Sunday infidel rum seller, of the worst character. Thus rum, self-respect, and the ballot box, is all prostituted to the most diabolical and disgraceful purpose. I knew a dealer who runs his rum cart four or five days to elect the last named nominee. How must the pious temperance brethren and sisters have felt at the next communion season receiving the emblems of a pure Saviour from his hands, I will leave for others to imagine. Rather than sell Christ and their country in such a way, I hope all such voters for rum sellers will repent, or mock God no more by their prayers for "righteous rulers," and then vote for public robbers.

Warren, Me., May 1.

For the Herald and Journal.

ACROSTIC.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him.'"

Round the dark earth the pall of night was hung, and man was resting on his quiet bed,

Ere angel hands the sufferer's requiem sung, which numbered THOMPSON with the martyr'd dead.

Victims to sin sinking to its last repose, calm as the zephyr's length at evening's sweetest close.

N ow from the altar of our hearts let grateful thanks arise; A assist us, Lord, to offer up this mournful sacrifice.

T hine be the praise for every gift on us, through Christ, be- liever!

H ow precious is the Christian's hope, through Christ's atoning blood.

A child of earth, from earth redeemed, released from cumbersome clay.

N ow, with the spirits of the just, unites his joyful lay.

T o see the Christian as he dies, with glory in his view."

H eavenward he turns his languid eyes, and bids the world adieu;

O tis a scene that angel choirs, with interest none can tell.

M y cheer, with notes from golden lyres, while we may catch farewell!

P eace to thy memory, brother, friend, blest servant of thy Saviour!

S weet was thy rest, serene thy end, and rich is thy reward.

O may our life, like his, be pure—its close, like thine, be blest;

N or will we shrink the cross to endure, till we shall gain thy rest.

Dexter, March 8, 1846.

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.

The following singular story, which was current among the English residents in St. Petersburg at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated to us by a person never arrived from that part of the continent.

In the early part of the year 1826, an English gentleman from Akmetch in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw in Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking a refreshment, to take a walk through the streets. While sauntering in front of one of the public buildings, he met an elderly gentleman of a grave aspect and courteous demeanor. After mutual exchange of civilities they got into conversation, during which, the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whither he was going. The other, in the most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house till such times as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding, with a smile, that it was not improbable that he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return: the invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without and commodious within.

Unbounded liberality on the part of the Pole, produced confidence on the part of the Englishman. The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he carried about with him from the time of his leaving home, finding that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his munificent host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days he prepared for his departure, and in asking for his box, how was he amazed when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise, replied,

"What box?"

"Why, the small box of jewels which I gave to you to keep, for me."

"My dear sir, you must surely be mistaken: I never, really, saw or heard of such a box."

The Englishman was petrified. After recovering himself a little, he requested he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it. She came, and on being questioned, answered in exact union with her husband—expressed the same surprise—and benevolently endeavored to persuade him distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment and despair, he walked out of the house and went to the tavern at which he had put up on his arrival in Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his inquisitive host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the grand duke, who fortunately happened at that time to be in Warsaw.

He accordingly waited upon him, and with little ceremony was admitted to an audience. He briefly laid down his case, and Constantine, "with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character. "However," he added, "I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery." So saying, he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day, and despatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed the summons.

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